Season = = 1920-21.

Steve Roberts
The Palladium
Millom
Cumberland

TOWN HALL, KENDAL.

Thursday, October 7th, 1920.

FIRST

ROBERTS-KELLY CONCERT

ARTISTES:

Miss ELSIE COCHRANE,
SOPRANO.

Madame KIRKBY LUNN,
CONTRALTO.

Mr. ERNEST DRAKE,
TENOR.

Mr. HAROLD WILLIAMS,
BASS-BARITONE.

Miss KATHLEEN PARLOW
SOLO VIOLINIST.

Miss ETHEL ROBINSON,
ACCOMPANIST.

Programme and Book of Words. Price 6d.

Programme.

1. ARIA .... Tago's Song—"Credo" ("Otello") .... *Verdi*

Mr. HAROLD WILLIAMS.

Vanne! la tua meta gia vedo.
Ti spinge il tuo dimone,
E il tuo dimon son io;
E me transcinn il mio, nel quale io credo—
Inescrato Iddio.
Credo in un Dio crudel che m'ha creato simile a se,
E che nell' ira io nomo,
E sento il fango originario in me.
Si! quest' e la mia fe!
Credo con fermo cuor, siccome crede,
La vedevella al tempio,
Che il mal ch'io epnso e che da me procede
Per mio destino a dempio.
Chedo che il giusto e un istrion beffardo
E nel viso e nel cuor,
Che tutto e in lui bugiardo,
Lagrima, bacio, sguardo,
Sacrificio e onor
E credo l'uom gioco d'inious sorte,
Dal germe della culla al verme dell' aval.
Vien dope tanta irrision la Morte.
E-poi? E-poi?
La Morte e il Nulla e vecchia fola il Ciel. . . .

Go then: well thy fate I descry,
Thy demon drives thee onward—
That demon, lo! am I.
E'en as my own impels on whose command I wait—
Relentless Fate.
Cruel is He, the God who in His image has fashioned me,
And whom in wrath I worship,
From some vile germ of nature, some paltry stone
I took mine issue,
Vile is my tissue,
For I am human,
I feel the primal mud-flow of my breed.
Yes, this is all my creed,
Firmly do I believe as e'er did woman
Who prays before the altar,
Of every ill, whether I think or do it,
'Tis fate that drives me to it,
Thou honest man art but a wretched player,
And thy life but a part.
A lie each word thou sayest,
Teardrops, kisses, prayers,
Are as false as thou art.
Man, fortune's fool e'en from his earliest breath
The germ of life is fashioned to feed the worm of death.
Yes, after all this folly all must die,
And then there's nothing, and heaven an ancient lie. . . .

2. ARIA .... "Ah fors e lui" ("Traviata") .... *Verdi*

Miss ELSIE COCHRANE.

Recit.

E strano! e strano! in core scolpiti ho quegli accenti! saria per me sventura, un serio amore? Che risolvi, turbata anima mia? Null' uomo ancora t'accendeva. Oh gioja ch' io non conobbi, esser amata amando! e sdegnar la poss' io, per l'aride follie del viver mio?

Aria.

Ah fors' e lui che l'anima
Solinga ne' tumulti
Godea sovente pingere
De' suoi colori occulti. . . .
Lui che modesto e vigile
All' egre soglie ascese,
E nuova febbre accese,
Destandomi all' amor.
A quell' amor ch' e palpito
Dell' universo intero,
Misterioso, altero,
Croce e edizia al cor.

Recit.

Oh wonder! oh wonder! these accents upon my heart are graven! Will it misfortune bring me? A serious passion? What shall be thy resolve, my troubled spirit? No living man hath yet enflamed thee. Oh! rapture that I have known not, to be beloved and loving! Can my heart still disdain it for cold and heartless follies which now enchain me?

Air.

'Tis thus perchance the longing soul,
Lonely 'mid scenes of pleasure,
Oft loves to paint an object dear
With its own gold and azure:
He who, with modest vigilance
To my sick-room returning,
Kindled new flames still burning,
Dooming my heart to love!

A me fanciulla un candidi
E trepido desire
Questi effigio dolcissimo
Signor dell' avvenire.
Quando ne' cieli il raggio
Di sua belta vedea,
E tutta me pascea
Di quel divino error.
Sentia che amore e il palpito
Dell' universo intero,
Misterioso altero,
Croce e delizia al cor.

Yes! this is love, 'tis the love that palpitates
Thro' all the world, through creation widely extended.
Ah! pow'r mysterious, pow'r ne'er yet comprehended,
Torment, torment and rapture, each do we prove,
Ah! in turn we prove.

Follie! follie! delirio vano e questo!
In quai sogni me perdo!
Povera donna, sola,
Abbandonata in questo popoloso deserto
Che appellano Parigi:
Che spero or piu? Che far degg' io? . . gioire.
Di volutta nei vortici finire.

What folly! what folly! all this is vain delirium.
Child of misfortune, lonely,
By all abandoned in this gay, crowded desert,
This vortex of pleasure they call Paris!
What hope remains? What must I do, then?
Surrender to pleasure's madd'ning whirl again,
Life's madd'ning whirl enjoy.

Cavatina.

Sempre libera degg' io
Transvolar di gioia in gioia,
Perche ignoto al viver mio
Nulla passi del piacer.
Nasca il giorno, il giorno muoia
Sempre me la stressa trovi;
Le dolcezze a me rinnovi
Ma non muti il mio pensier.

Cavatina.

Ever free shall I still wander
Madly from pleasure to pleasure;
Life's short moments shall I squander
In pursuit of follies gay.
Days pass by me in rapid measure,
Happiest where light hearts are thronging;
For new pleasures ever longing,
Shall my thoughts fly idly away.

3. VIOLIN SOLI ... (a) "Romance" .... *Beethoven*

(b) "Variations on a Theme of Corelli" .... *Tartini*

Miss KATHLEEN PARLOW.

4. ARIA .... "Seguedille" ("Carmen") .... *Bizet*

Madame KIRKBY LUNN.

Près des remparts de Séville,
Chez mon ami Lillas Pastia
J'irai danser la Séguedille
Et boire du Manzanilla.
J'irai chez mon ami Lillas Pastia.

Oui, mais toute seule on s'ennuie,
Et les vrais plaisirs sont à deux;
Donc, pour me tenir, compagnie,
J'emmènerai mon amoureux!

Mon amoureux il est au diable
Je l'ai mis à la porte hier!
Mon pauvre cœur très consolable,
Mon cœur est libre comme l'air!

J'ai des galants à la douzaine,
Mais ils ne sont pas à mon gré.
Voici la fin de la semaine:
Que veut m'aimer? Je l'aimerai!
Qui veut mon âme? Elle est à prendre!
Vous arrivez au bon moment!
Je n'ai guère le temps d'attendre,
Car avec mon nouvel amant.

Près des remparts de Séville,
Chez mon ami Lillas Pastia,
Nous danserons la Séguedille
Et boirons du Manzanilla.
Tra la la la la la la la la la.

H. Meilhac et L. Halévy.

Close by the ramparts of Seville,
Dwells my good friend, Lillas Pastia,
I'll dance there the gay Seguidille,
And drink the bright Manzanilla.
I will go to my friend Lillas Pastia.

Yes, but I must have company;
True pleasure shar'd by two must be;
So, to the merry dance to-night,
My lover bold shall come with me.

My lover bold, ah! what vexation,
I quarrell'd with him yesterday.
My lonely heart needs consolation,
And craves for love, without delay.

Full many for my love are dying,
But none of them for me will do.
And yet, alas! for love I'm sighing;
Will you love me? I will love you.
Who wants a heart? mine may be taken,
Now is the time, ready am I!
Let the thrilling of love awaken,
And take my hand, and away we'll fly!

Close by the ramparts of Seville,
Dwells my good friend, Lillas Pastia,
I'll dance there the gay Seguidille,
And drink the bright Manzanilla.
Let us hasten to my friend, Lillas Pastia.
Tra la la, etc.

Henry Hersee.

5. SONG .... "Onaway, Awake, Beloved" ("Hiawatha") *Coleridge-Taylor*

Mr. ERNEST DRAKE.

Onaway! awake, beloved!
Thou, the wild-flower of the forest!
Thou, the wild-bird of the prairie!
Thou with eyes so soft and fawnlike!

If thou only lookest at me
I am happy, I am happy,
As the lilies of the prairie
When they feel the dew upon them.

Sweet thy breath is as the fragrance
Of the wild-flowers in the morning,
As their fragrance is at evening,
In the moon when leaves are falling.

Does not all the blood within me
Leap to meet thee, leap to meet thee.
As the springs to meet the sunshine
In the moon when nights are brightest?

Onaway, my heart sings to thee,
Sings with joy when thou are near me,
As the sighing, singing branches
In the pleasant moon of strawberries!

When thou art not pleased, beloved,
Then my heart is sad and darkened,
As the shining river darkens
When the clouds drop shadows on it.

When thou smilest, my beloved,
Then my troubled heart is brightened,
As in sunshine gleam the ripples
That the cold wind makes in rivers.

Smiles the earth, and smile the waters,
Smile the cloudless skies above us,
But I lose the way of smiling
When thou art no longer near me!

I myself, myself, behold me!
Blood of my beating heart, behold me!
Oh, awake, awake, beloved!
Onaway! awake, beloved!

6. SONG .... "Wimmen, oh Wimmen" .... *Lyall Phillips*

Mr. HAROLD WILLIAMS.

Wimmen, oh! wimmen, it's alus the same,
They are the spoil sports of ev'ry man's game,
It's fair amazin' the mischief they brew,
An' what they call themselves don't they make
others do.
Ah, no, ye can't please 'em, it's nothing but fight,
If you calls it "left," then it's sure to be "right."
An' if you calls it "right," then it's sure to be
wrong,
They're that contrairywise all their lives long.

Whether they're old or young, pretty or plain,
You can't content 'em, you'll try it in vain,
Nothin' but trouble the whole of the lot,
Whether you've got 'em or whether you've not,
For if you are married you've nothin' but care,
And if you ain't married you're wishin' you
were.
Ah! Wimmen's man's sorrow an' trouble an' woe
But you can't do without 'em wherever you go.

Dorothy Dickinson

7. SONG .... "The Waltz Song" ("Romeo and Juliet") .... *Gounod*

Miss ELSIE COCHRANE.

Song, jest, perfume and dances,
Smiles, vows, love-laden glances,
All that spells or entrances,
In one charm blend;
As in fair dream enfolden,
Born of fantasy golden,
Spirits from fairy-land olden,
On me now tend!

Ah! for ever would this gladness
Shine on me brightly as now!
Would that never age and sadness
Threw their shade o'er my brow.
But short as day,
Youth passes away!

Song, jest, perfume and dances, etc.

Then ere the summer's failing,
Pluck the rose that bloometh to die,
Love with its breath inhaling,
Love that steals in its odorous sigh!

H. B. Farnie.

INTERVAL.

Patrons are respectfully requested to be seated before the second half of the programme commences.

8. VIOLIN SOLI .... (a) "Slavic Melody" .... *Dvorák*

(b) "Rigaudon" .... *Monsigny*

(c) "Hungarian Dance" .... *Brahms-Joachim*

Miss KATHLEEN PARLOW.

9. SONGS .... (a) "Bright is the ring of words" .... *Vaughan Williams*

(b) "Linden Lea" .... *Vaughan Williams*

Madame KIRKBY LUNN.

(a)

Bright is the ring of words
When the right man rings them,
Fair the fall of songs
When the singer sings them.
Still they are carolled and said—
On wings they are carried—
After the singer is dead
And the maker buried.

Low as the singer lies
In the field of heather,
Songs of his fashion bring
The swains together.
And when the west is red
With the sunset embers,
The lover lingers and sings
And the maid remembers.

R. L. Stevenson.

(b)

Within the woodlands, flow'ry gladed,
By the oak tree's mossy moot*,
The shining grass blades, timber shaded,
Now do quiver under foot;
And birds do whistle overhead,
And water's bubbling in its bed;
And there for me the apple tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

When leaves, that lately were a-springing,
Now do fade within the copse,
And painted birds do hush their singing
Up upon the timber tops;
And brown-leaved fruit's a-turning red,
In cloudless sunshine overhead,
With fruit for me the apple tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

Let other folk make money faster,
In the air of dark-room'd towns;
I don't dread a peevish master,
Though no man may heed my frowns.
I be free to go abroad,
Or take again my homeward road,
To where, for me, the apple tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

W. Barnes.

(*Moot: Roots of a felled tree.)

10. SONG .... "Sigh no more, ladies" .... *W. A. Aiken*

Mr. ERNEST DRAKE.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever—
One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.
Sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into hey nonny nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no more,
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of man was ever so,
Since summer first was leafy.
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into hey nonny nonny.

11. SONG .... "The Lute Player" .... *Francis Allitsen*

Mr. HAROLD WILLIAMS.

She was a lady great and splendid,
I was a minstrel in her halls;
A warrior, like a prince attended,
Stay'd his steed by the castle walls.

Far had he fared to gaze upon her,
"Oh, rest thee now, Sir Knight," she said,
The warrior wooed—the warrior won her—
In time of snowdrops they were wed.

I made sweet music in his honour,
And longed to strike him dead.

I passed at midnight from her portal,
Throughout the world till Death I rove:
Ah! let me make this lute immortal,
With rapture of my hate and love.

W. Watson.

12. SONGS .... (a) "Villanelle" .... *Del Acqua*

(b) "Pastorale" .... *Lane Wilson*

Miss ELSIE COCHRANE.

(a)

J'ai vu passer l'hirondelle,
Dans le ciel pur du matin,
Elle allait, à tire d'aile,
Vers le pays où l'appelle,
Le soleil et le jasmin.
J'ai longtemps suivi des yeux
Le vol de la voyageuse,
Depuis mon âme rêveuse,
L'accompagne par les cieux,
Au pays mysterieux!
Et j'aurais voulu comme elle,
Souivre le même chemin
J'ai vu passer l'hirondelle,
Dans le ciel pur du matin,
Elle allait, à tire d'aile,
Vers le pays où l'appelle.
Le soleil et le jasmin.

English Version.

Now 'tis the time when the swallow
Starts on her long lonely flight,
Swiftly, with light winged motion,
Towards a far land o'er the ocean
Where sun and flowers are bright,
Thither the swallow is flying.
And I followed eagerly,
Saw her pinions brightly gleaming.
Till my spirit, lost in dreaming,
Seemed to share her flight on high.
Towards the myterious land Unknown!
And I longed that I might follow,
Follow in her trackless flight,
Towards that far land, my beloved,
Would I were winging my flight,
There thou art waiting so lonely,
Waiting, O love, for me only;
There, where the flowers are bright,
Trust in me, love, I am coming,
I am coming, my love, to thee.

(b)

Flocks are sporting, doves are courting,
Warbling thrushes sweetly sing,
Joy and pleasure, without measure,
Herald in the lovely Spring.

Gentle Zephyrs, silent glades,
Purling streams and cooling shades,
Senses charming, pain disarming,
Love each tender heart invades.

Dancing, singing, piping, springing,
With our mirth the valleys ring,
Joy and pleasure, without measure,
Herald in the lovely Spring.

13. VIOLIN SOLI .... (a) "Nocturne" .... *Chopin*

(b) "Carnaval Russe" .... *Wieniawski*

Miss KATHLEEN PARLOW.

14. SONG .... "Little House of Blessing" .... *Lohr*

Madame KIRKBY LUNN.

There's a litle house of blessing,
It stands open all day,
For the tired, and the weary,
As they journey on their way.

I go in there and rest awhile
When all seems going wrong,
And soon my life seems better
And the journey not so long.

Then in silent meditation
All my heart goes up in prayer
To the God who gave me you, dear,
In that house of blessing there.

Florence Daly.

15. SONG .... "The Minstrel Boy" .... *Moore*

Mr. ERNEST DRAKE.

The minstrel boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
"Land of song!" said the warrior-bard,
"Though all the world betray thee,
One sword at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee."

The minstrel fell—but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder—
And said, "No chain shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and the free—
They shall never sound in slavery!"

Thomas Moore.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

ANOTHER MUSICAL TREAT ASSURED AT

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Roberts-Kelly CONCERT

Thursday, November 4th, 1920.

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The Brilliant London Accompanist.

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